

Bedtime Story For the Little Ones

UNCLE WIGGLY AND THE STORK.
By HOWARD & GARIS.

ONE day Uncle Wiggly Longears, the nice rabbit gentleman received a letter from Aunt Flippity Flop, the dear little old nervous crow lady, saying she was coming to pay him and Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, his muskrat lady housekeeper a visit.

"But you will have to come and get me, Uncle Wiggly," wrote Aunt Flippity Flop, "for I am too nervous to travel all by myself."

"I'll go get her," the bunny uncle said, so while Nurse Jane dusted the piano, Mr. Longears putting on his tall silk hat and taking her red, white and blue spotted rheumatism crutch, started off over the fields and through the woods to get the crow lady.

Uncle Wiggly was about half way through the woods when he heard a voice saying:

"Well, it serves me right, I suppose, just see what a lot of trouble it has made me, Oh, dear!"

"Hut! More trouble!" cried the bunny uncle. "This trouble business seems to keep me busy. Who are you, and what is the trouble, if you please? Perhaps I can help."

"Oh, how do you do, Uncle Wiggly?" the voice went on. "It is very kind of you to offer to help me, but I do not believe you can, and out from behind a bush stepped a long legged bird with a long sharp bill and white wings.

"I don't seem to know you," said

Uncle Wiggly. "Are you the snipe who flew away with the pipe of the fat man of Bombay one fine summer day?"

"No, I am a stork," was the answer. "You may have read about me in a book. You see, one day I invited my friend, Mr. Bow Wow, the dog gentleman, to have lunch with me. And because I have such a very long bill and cannot pick up things from a plate, or flat dish, I put the good things to eat in a large vase with a long neck. It was for me to reach down in and pick out what I wanted, but Mr. Bow Wow couldn't get a thing, as he couldn't put his nose in the vase."

"I felt very sorry, but I had no other dishes in the house, so Mr. Bow Wow went away hungry. And now he has sent me an invitation to come and have dinner with him, and I know just what he will do."

"What?" asked Uncle Wiggly.

"Why, he'll put all the good things to eat down on a flat dish, and from that I cannot pick them up. So I'll starve at his dinner, just as he did at mine. It will serve me right, I know, but I would like to eat something, for I am very hungry."

Uncle Wiggly thought for a moment and then he said:

"Just leave this to me, Mrs. Stork. I think we can play a little trick on Mr. Bow Wow and fix it so you can get something to eat. Mr. Bow Wow won't mind, and when he finds out about it he'll only laugh. Wait here until I come back."

So Mrs. Stork said she would, and Uncle Wiggly went on through the woods until he came to where Aunt Flippity Flop lived.

"Oh, I'm so glad you came to get me," cried the crow lady. "I'm so nervous I'd never be able to go visit Nurse Jane and you all by myself," and she fluttered down from the nest, head over tail, she was so excited-like. Aunt Flippity was always that way.

But Uncle Wiggly caught her before she hit the ground, and then, taking her wing on his paw, he led her through the woods to where the stork was waiting. Uncle Wiggly introduced the crow lady to the stork, and told about the dinner Mr. Bow Wow was going to give.

"Well, just stop and pay him a visit before we go on to my hollow stump bungalow," said Uncle Wiggly. "I want to fix it so Mrs. Stork can eat off the flat plate Mr. Bow Wow is sure to set before her."

"How are you going to do it?" asked Aunt Flippity Flop.

"I'll show you," said the bunny uncle. "Now, will you please carry this bundle of sticks for me, my dear crow lady?"

"Oh, don't ask me!" she cried. "I'm so nervous I'll be sure to drop them!"

"No matter; please take them," begged Uncle Wiggly, and she did. Pretty soon they came to Mr. Bow Wow's house, and surely enough, he had the dinner set out on flat plates on a stump table.

"Help yourself, Mrs. Stork," said the dog gentleman. "And you, too, Uncle Wiggly and Aunt Flippity Flop. I hope you brought good appetites with you."

Then the stork began to eat, easily doing off a flat plate, but because of her long, sharp bill, Mrs. Stork could only pick up little crumbs. She could much more easily have eaten out of a deep vase.

"Oh, dear!" suddenly cried Aunt Flippity Flop, who, like Uncle Wiggly, was not eating. "I've dropped another!"

"Allow me to pick that up for you," said Mr. Bow Wow, who was very polite. So he stopped eating and picked up the stick for the crow lady, and no sooner did she have that under her wing than she cried again:

"Oh, dear! I've dropped another!"

"Allow me to pick that up also," said Mr. Bow Wow politely. And he did, stopping his eating to do so.

Then Aunt Flippity Flop cried again: "Oh, how my nerves are jumping! I've dropped another stick—all of them!" And she dropped the whole bundle Uncle Wiggly had asked her to carry. And Mr. Bow Wow was kept so busy picking them up that he had no time to eat. But Mrs. Stork kept on eating, and, even if she did have to pick up the food in small bits, she soon had enough to satisfy her hunger.

"Well, you got the best of me after all," said Mr. Bow Wow when he saw the empty plate, as he picked up the last stick for Aunt Flippity Flop, who dropped them almost as fast as he gave them to her.

"Yes, she fooled you, but it was I who played the little trick on you," laughed Uncle Wiggly. "I knew Aunt Flippity Flop would be so nervous that she would drop the sticks, and I knew you would be polite and pick them up, so you would have no time to eat, but the stork lady would. You don't mind, do you?"

"Not a bit!" laughed Mr. Bow Wow. And then he and the stork and his friends, and Aunt Flippity Flop went to visit Nurse Jane, and the crow lady was hardly nervous at all.

And next, if the blue automobile doesn't turn red when it drinks pink lemonade at the dolls' circus, I'll tell you about Uncle Wiggly and the house that Jack built. Copyright, 1917, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.



"No!—
I Said
Calumet!"

"I want what I ask for—
I know what it would
mean to go home without
it. Mother won't take
calumet—she's sure of
Calumet—sure of light,
wholesome, tasty bak-
ings—of positive, uni-
form results—of purity
and economy. You try
Calumet Baking Powder—
lay aside your favorite
brand once and you'll never
go back to it. Calumet
is the best Baking Pow-
der—it's moderate
and in price."

Received Highest
Awards
New Gold
Star—San
Luis Obispo
Calif.



Cheap and big can Calumet Powders don't
save you money. Calumet does—it's pure
and far superior to sour milk and soda.

SYRUP OF FIGS
FOR CROSS, SICK
FEVERISH CHILD

If little stomach is sour,
liver torpid or bowels
clogged.

Mothers can rest easy after giving
"California Syrup of Figs," because it
a few hours all the clogged-up waste,
sour bile and fermenting food gently
moves out of the bowels and you have
a well, playful child again. Children
simply will not take the time from
play to empty their bowels, and they
become tightly packed, liver gets sug-
gish and stomach disordered.

When cross, feverish, restless, see it
tongue is coated, then give this deli-
cious "fruit laxative." Children love it,
and it can't cause injury. No differ-
ence what all your little one—if
full of cold, sore throat, diar-
rhea, stomach-ache, bad breath, re-
member, a gentle "inside cleansing"
should always be the first treatment
given. Full directions for babies, chil-
dren of all ages and grown-ups are
printed on each bottle.

Beware of counterfeit fig syrups.
Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bot-
tle of "California Syrup of Figs," then
look carefully and see that it is made
by the "California Fig Syrup Com-
pany." We make no smaller size.
Hand back with contempt any other
fig syrup.—Advs.

SCHOOL DAYS

By DWIG



14 YEARS AGO TODAY

From The Herald of This Date, 1902.

NINETEEN people were killed or injured in a railroad accident at Yall station, a short distance east of Tucson, Ariz., according to telegraphic dispatches, received in the city yesterday. A violation of orders by the engineer of train No. 2 is said to be the cause of the wreck, though one report states that the operator failed to deliver orders. The trains piled up on each other and 11 cars were consumed within a short time by fire.

Col. S. L. Bean left today for Tucson, where he will examine some mining property for eastern capitalists.

W. H. Shelton won the medal of the El Paso Gun club at its last weekly shoot, breaking 23 out of 25 birds.

Day police captain William S. Mitchell has returned from Florenceville and San Antonio, where he has been for some time.

The executive committee of the El Paso County Sunday School association has elected J. C. Rouff county superintendent of the home department.

Secretary E. E. Russell, of the chamber of commerce, submitted his annual report for the past year, which shows the valuable work done by that body during the time.

The Country club has not yet awarded the contract for the erection of its new building. Some time ago architect E. M. Kneegill drew up plans for the building, which were approved.

Chief customs inspector Joe Dwyer has returned from Alamogordo where he went to inspect the robbery of a car of bullion and says that according to the manifest the car is short \$8 bars.

Mayor Valentin Onate and the citizens of Juarez are planning to give a grand ball the night of February 8, at the customs house in that city. The

proceeds of the ball will go to the benefit of the plague sufferers in Matatlan.

The election of chamber of commerce officers for the ensuing year was completed last evening and the result was announced as follows: E. M. Ray, William Fatman, G. L. Hoyt, E. Moya, H. P. Noake, G. C. Sexton, J. A. Smith, T. J. Springer and H. B. Stevens.

There was a meeting of the finance committee of the arrangement committee for the cattle convention Tuesday evening and it was decided to begin the collection of the price and entertainment money at once. Accordingly, a solicitor commenced the work yesterday.

By the eleventh of May while reports of pearl finders continued to fill the news, the streets of Pibbles town were covered four inches deep with oyster shells. The street paving department was laid up with brain fever from inability to cope with the situation. Work was suspended while the people of Pibbles town, feverishly consumed oysters in a mad hunt for pearls. All the oyster houses opened annexes, and 48,000 oysters an hour were sold. By May 14th the shells on the streets were a foot deep, completely tying up all traffic, including the trolley service.

The mayor of Pibbles town, in addressing the citizens remarked, "I said before my election that I would pave the streets of Pibbles town in a manner unequalled in the entire state and at a less cost than such work was ever accomplished before. And I have kept my pledge." For, I invented those pearl finding stories out of my fertile brain, and our oyster shell roads are today the talk of the world. We are receiving congratulatory telegrams from automobile manufacturers every hour, lauding my duty and I done it. Sell!"

And they all clapped their hands and feet in applause.

Indian Bicycles, Allen Arms & Cycle Co., 494 N. Oregon St.—Adv.

Two or Three of 'Em.

Speaking of leaks, there must have been a few in that alright cordon the British have drawn about the German navy.

Then What a Fannie There'll Be.

Some day the honorable senate will wake up and discover that that District prohibition law applies to booze in the senate office building.

Brighten the home with Sole Proof Colored Varnishes. Lander Lumber Co.—Adv.

THE ESCAPADES OF MR. JACK

By SWINNERTON

Copyright, 1917, International News Service.

1. "WAITER, I'VE GOT A PROPOSITION TO MAKE TO YOU!"

2. "STOP YOUR ENGINE!"

3. "DAUGHTER, WHAT IS THAT THING ATTACHED TO THAT TABLE?"

4. "AYE AYE SIR!"

5. "FULL STEAM AHEAD!"

6. "AYE AYE SIR!"

7. "KITCH-H"

8. "THAT MISCREANT CAME FROM UNDER THAT TABLE AND KISSED MY DAUGHTER!"

9. "ZAT WAS ONLY MEESTEARE JACK PLAYING HE WAS A SCOBMARINE. HE IS VERY DROLL!"

10. "DOES HE COME BACK?"

11. "SUBMERGE!"

12. "DOES HE COME BACK?"

13. "SUBMERGE!"

14. "DOES HE COME BACK?"

15. "SUBMERGE!"

16. "DOES HE COME BACK?"

17. "SUBMERGE!"

18. "DOES HE COME BACK?"

19. "SUBMERGE!"

20. "DOES HE COME BACK?"

21. "SUBMERGE!"

22. "DOES HE COME BACK?"

The best way to identify
Genuine Aspirin



Demand Bayer-Tablets of Aspirin. Every package and every tablet of genuine Aspirin bears "The Bayer Cross—Your Guarantee of Purity."

Sold in Pocket Boxes of 12, Bottles of 24 and 100

The trade-mark "Aspirin" (Reg. U. S. Pat. Office) is a guarantee that the mono-acetic acid of salicylic acid in these tablets is of the reliable Bayer manufacture.

INKLINGS and THINKINGS
BY WEX JONES.

"They never come back!"
How about Pershing?

O, senator O!

Every ambassadorial speech these days is either a bombshell or just one of those things.

Scientist says we should eat more whites, but we can't see how to reduce old H. C. L. very much with a trout rod.

Barnard girls must show their callers away at 10:30 p. m. but they are allowed 15 minutes extra to say good night in the reception hall. As we remember—faintly now—these calls used to last about five minutes, while saying good night at the front gate took up two or three hours.

And didn't the girls who used to lean on the garden gate always wear a white dress with a blue sash?

Oh, well, they go to the movies now, but suppose they are just as sweet.

Still there was something about the fragrance of roses, the silver of moonlight and a girl with a blue sash.

Next thing they'll be calling Niagara a leak.

As some wag once remarked, the United States has the best navy abroad.

FOREIGN AVIATORS EQUAL AMERICAN FLIGHT RECORDS

San Diego, Calif., Jan. 28.—Word was received in aviation circles here today that the world's seaplane altitude and sustained flight records made by Floyd and Albert Smith here last year had been accomplished by the Royal Aero club of Great Britain and the Aero club of France.

Floyd Smith, carrying one passenger in a seaplane, ascended 12,362 feet. Later, with two passengers, he reached an altitude of 9,551 feet, and followed this by carrying three passengers to a height of 9,663 feet. These flights were made in January and February 1916.

Albert Smith, February 19, 1916, piloting a seaplane, flew eight hours and 42 minutes.

WILL NOT BLISTER

Pimples Disappear

There is one remedy that seldom fails to clear away all pimples, blotches and other skin eruptions and that makes the skin soft, clear and healthy.

Any druggist can supply you with zemo, which generally overcomes all skin diseases. Acne, eczema, itch, pimples, rashes, black heads in most cases give way to zemo. Frequently, minor blemishes disappear overnight. Itching usually stops instantly. Zemo is a safe, antiseptic liquid, clean, easy to use and dependable. It costs only 25c; an extra large bottle, \$1.00. It will not stain, is not greasy or sticky and is positively safe for tender, sensitive skins.

The E. W. Ross Co., Cleveland, O.

Allcock PLASTERS

The World's Greatest External Remedy.

Pain in Side, Rheumatism, Backache, Any Local Pain.

Watch for Having ALLCOCK'S.

HYOMEI

(Pronounced High-O-Me)

ENDS CATARRH, ASTHMA, Bronchitis, Croup, Coughs and Colds, or money back. Sold and guaranteed by

Kelly & Pollard.

DR. TINKLE'S WEREZE

FOR CONSTIPATION

AT YOUR DRUGGISTS

Wilson-Millican Cleaning Works

"THE BEST CLEANERS"

1102 E. Boulevard, El Paso, Tex. We pay special attention to all mail orders and prompt charges one way.

Herald Want Ads for results